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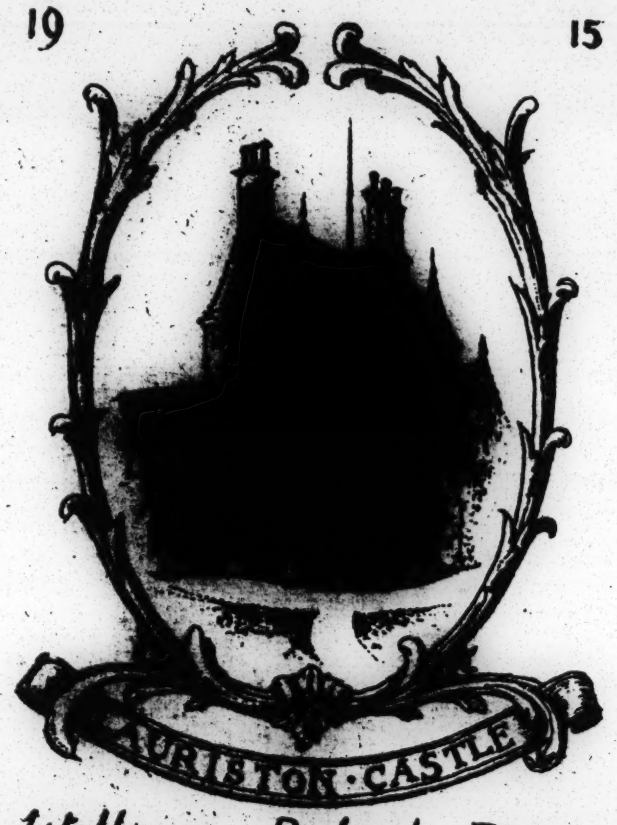

William Robert Reid

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XVII

GLORIA DEO.

Finis coronat Opus.

Cater (Gerard)

ON

The Crowing Cock

And Lyon Couchant,

OR,

A POEM

To Expreſs the *Gallantry* of our Royall *Chanticlere.* The uncertainty of War & Cock-fighting. The Magnanimity of a brave *General* and *Judicious Cocker*: Writ on the *NEWS* of the Surrender of *NAMUR*, in Encomium of Unparalell'd Fortitude and true *Engliſh Valour*, Recorded in the Parable of the *Game Cock*, to Congratulate His Majeſties Happy Return to *London*, leaving future Succeſs to the diſpoſal of *Divine Providence.*

THE King of Beaſts doth *Couch* and *Tremble* here,
And dreads the Challenge of our *Chanticlere*,
As *Monſieur* doth our *Britiſh Monarch* fear.

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The *Epidemick Leo* knew no Bound,
And would devour (even Satan like) around,
Till daring *Ruſſel* caught him in his Pound.
His *vain Ambition* ſtrikes at all above,
Would be *Earths Emp'rour* and the *World's great Jove*,
A Chriſtian Monarch in a double Senſe,
With Laws Divine and Humane can diſpence,
Enſlaves his Subjects, ſcorns all Piety,
Both to Promote and maſque his Tyranny,
Intereſt his *Idol* is, his Money Charms,
The Power of War and Conquers more than Arms,
Heav'n grant to *King* and *Parliament* ſuch Coin,
That all may fight like us! like us may joyn
T' increaſe our *Victories* whilſt his decline,
Thus the *great Monarch's* Pride, his vaſt deſire,
Will like vain *Phaeton* in Flames expire,
With points of *War* he cannot well diſpence,
Or dares to fight - - - no; not in his defence?
But on Advantage with *brave Inſolence*.

The

The innate Virtue of our *Faiths Defender*,
Makes *Lewis l'Ore* and his *great Forts* Surrender,
Galhus Gallinaceus France his Dunghil *Cock*,
With Poop unſavoury and Langue-Dock,
To our *Game Warriour* is oblig'd to knock,
Some love to ſet their Neighbours by the Ears,
But dread a change when horred *Death* appears,
Proud Kings and Tyrants, Athiſt, God deny,
Prove greateſt Cowards when they come to dye,
So *Gallick Cock*, once try'd by narrow heel
Of *Brittain's Chanticleres* (as true as ſteel,)
Will ſtart and dance (like Crow in Gutter ſtrut,)
And give his head for *Cock's-Comb* to be cut,
With fallen Hackle Courage down muſt creep,
Shoot Pit by Land and ſtrike Sail on the deep,
We dread no *Colours*, ſcorn all *Æſop's* Breed,
And ſtomacks have to fight as well as feed,
Whilſt *God's* with us proud *Lucifer* muſt bleed,

Ride Triumph o're his Coaſts the Name of *Wills*,
Make Monſieur ſcamper on their own Dunghils,
And ſend Victorious Ecchoes to their Hills,
We Crowing ſtand with ſhrill and lowder cries
Then e're was *Eccow'd* yet from rended Skyes,
Our Youth and Fortitude ſpeak's Victories.
Our *Royal Cock* in Battle takes delight
To ſtimulate his Combitants to Fight,
We hit at Sparring Blows, but French *Sa, Sa,*
Is a ſhort flying flurt, *Engliſh Huzza*
Makes Lyons tremble, great ones run away,
And Forts Impregnable our Arms obey.
France ſhew'd their Teeth and meanly did oblige
Our Conqueſt to atteſt not raiſe the Siege,
Whilſt *Villeroy* with many thouſand Men,
Did as they wont, march down the Hill again,
Like *Nero*, view'd the Flames, ne're ſtruck a ſtroak,
T'our Haughtboys Danc'd and vaniſhed in Smoak.

When

When our *Great Victor* bravely crôss'd the *Boyn*,
Where *French* and *Irish* did againſt him joyn;
He view'd their Arms, and boldly ſaid, *March on*;
No ſooner ſaid, but he the Battle won.
Thus *Royal Preſence*, with true Courage clad,
Vanquiſh'd his Foes, and made his Subjects glad.
Gallick Bellona, like the *Grecian* Dame,
Aſtoniſh'd at *Namur*'s moſt dreadful Flame,
Yielded the Fort, but did her Flowers retain,
In hopes of Reſurrection from the Main.
Where e're Great *VVilliam* doth in Arms appear,
The Flower-de-Luces fade, the *Mightieſt* fear:
England's *Plum'd Hero* will hold out to th' end,
As well-bred Steed upon the Spur will mend;
Give Stab for Stab, both weak expiring lie
Will yet look Blows within each others Eye.
A well-bred Branch of War will not refuſe
To Fight, altho' (by chance) the beſt may looſe.

wide th^r Wide
on ye Wisbich &
Norfolk Cocks.

Sometimes the knockt-down Foe (dead in a Trance)
Hazards a Blow, and makes the *Devil* dance.
And then the Ten-pound Bett he doth confound;
The Battle wins, with Honour he is *Crown'd*;
Even after Death he ſent the nicking Blow,
And left in *Honour*'s Bed his Bleeding Foe.
Great Odds were loſt when *Fortunatus* Fought it,
And gave the Bag unto a Who-had-thought-it.
But lo! *Namur*'s Re-gained; not by a Chance,
By Blows, true Fight, God's Wrath Impending *France*,
Our *Victor*'s Trumpets make Grand *Mounſieur* dance.

WILLIAM's the Cock of Game, who bids Defie on
Moſt Chriſtian Monarch, Turk and Roaring Lyon.
Bouſlieurs at Head on's Arms, at *Royal* Pleaſure,
Is made a Pledge to Ranſom *England*'s Treaſure.
Our *Albion Sons of Mars*, are by good Fate,
Now free to March, nay Enter *Paris* Gate,
Whilſt *Gallick Tyrant* may prove *Abdicate*.

To

To the King of Kings *French Jupiter* muſt quake,
When *Engliſh* Arms doth make all *Europe* ſhake.
Our Hackles tite, the Lyon's Tail is down;
An ominous Preſage to th' *French* King's Crown.
We treat with Sword in Hand, will hear no Truce;
Wait *Heav'n*'s *Fiat*, for the *Flower-de-Luce*.
When Swords to *Plowſhares* turn, who wins the *Crown*?
A *Conquerour Reviv'd* ſtands on Renown.

THERE was of late, and from the *German* Stock,
A large and beautiful, but wond'rous *Cock*:
A ſpacious Orange did his Creſt adorn,
From whence there iſſued out (at top) a Horn.
While yet that Prince, who does his glorious Name,
From that known Title, by his Valour claim;
And had not yet acquired by his Sword,
That nobler Style of *Albion's Great Lord*,
This lived: But when Great *William* took our Throne,
It languiſh'd, and ſtreight died----Fate here does own
By this ſtrange Omen, that the *Brave Naſſaw*,
Who only once did keep the *Dutch* in awe;
Now in poſſeſſion of a *Diadem*,
Thoſe ſmaller Dominations ſhould Contemn:
The *Prince*, who ſet a mighty King, does riſe
A true Aſſerter of our Liberties.
The *N-E-W-S* muſt ſpread, that *France*, who aim'd at all
And did deſign to bring our World in Thrall,
With ſoaring *Icarus* [illegible] fall.

The

The CONCLUSION.

THE *Covetous*, and moſt Opinionate,
Oft meet ith' *Fortune*'s frowns; the Gameſter great
Judiciouſly can Cock above Croſs *Fate*,
And wants not Courage to be *Fortunate*.
Fortitude ne'er fails Bold *Britain*'s Cocker,
And is as ſerviceable to Love's Smocker.

But He (by *Heav'n*) is called to fight *God*'s Cauſe,
Preſerve *Religion*, *Liberties* and *Laws*;
O're Death and Satan *Croweth*, and ſhall be
The World's *Grand Victor* to Eternity.
The *Man of God*, whoſe Sword at Trumpet ſounds,
Victorious Triumphs writes in Blood and Wounds,
With Peace and Plenty *Chriſtendom* abounds.

The

The Loyal Wish.

MAY Fate with Honour, and with Laurels Crown
Our Mighty *HERO*, till his vaſt Renown,
Through all the *Spacious* Globe his Worth reſound.
May his Victorious Arms extend as far,
As from the *Eaſtern*, to the *Weſtern* Star;
Till He with Glory to his *Albion* come,
Like Great *Auguſtus*, to Victorious *Rome:*
And thus to us in Triumph does advance,
From the Sav'd *Netherlands*, and Conquer'd *France:*

AMEN.

Finis Coronat Opus.

Epi-

Epigram.

IN Eighty-Eight, *Spain* ſent a Vaſt *Armado*;
In Ninety-Two the *French* made their Bravado.
The Attempt of both did equally prove vain;
France bragg'd as much, and loſt no leſs than *Spain*!
Grand *Lewis* Royal Sun is Sett at laſt,
And *Namur* all their Day-light overcaſt.

By a True Cocker,

And no leſs Loyal [redacted],

Gerrard Cater, *Eſq*;